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Stradivarius and the Violin.

By F. J. FETIS.]

Translated for this Journal by HENRY W. BELLOWE.]

(Concluded from page 338.)

The Guarneri family, of Cremona, has furnished many distinguished instrument-makers,—all, however, surpassed by Joseph, so justly celebrated for his works. The head of the family, André Guarnerius, was born at Cremona, in the earlier part of the 17th century, and was one of the first pupils of Nicolas Amati. He worked at his art from 1650 to about 1695. His instruments are recommended by a skilful workmanship, after the manner of the Amati, but they are signalized by certain differences of detail. Their tone is sweet, but not intense, and they do not carry sound far. They are ranked in the market among instruments of the second class.

Joseph Guarnerius is commonly called the eldest son of André, and the pupil of his father. His works run from 1690 to 1730. However much the pupil of André, he has not followed his models. His first tendencies were such as to assimilate him with Stradivarius, whose contemporary he was; but later he imitated the style of his cousin, also called Joseph, of whom we shall speak presently. Although varying thus from the true pattern, his instruments have a fine quality and are esteemed.

Pierre Guarneri, second son of André, and brother of the preceding, worked from 1690 to 1725. His first works are dated Cremona, but afterwards he established himself at Mantua, where he produced a great number of instruments which are not without merit, but which are found fault with on account of their too great swell, and because they are wanting in brilliancy. There was another Pierre Guarneri, son of Joseph, and grandson of André. Violins and basses of his exist, dated Cremona, from 1725 to 1740. He produced little in these fifteen years. His instruments resemble those of his father, whose pupil he was; but they have less finish.

The great artist of this family remains to be spoken of:—Joseph Antoine, commonly called in Italy Giuseppe del Jesu, because most of the violins that came from his hands bore upon the label this sign, IHS.

No certain information was to be had until very recently about this celebrated maker,—his life being a collection of vague rumors, more or less romantic. He himself had given a positive clue to his origin in putting upon his works this inscription: "*Joseph Guarnerius, Andree nepos*;" but no hint was given of the date of his birth. Thanks to the persevering researches of M. Vuillaume, an authentic document has turned up, removing all doubts on the last point: it is now proved that Joseph Antoine Guarnerius, legitimate son of Jean-Baptiste Guarneri and Angela Maria Locadella, was born at Cremona, June 8, 1683, and was baptized the 11th of the same month, in the parish of Saint Donat, chapel of ease of the Cathedral.

Jean Baptiste Guarneri, father of Joseph *del Jesu*, of whom we are speaking, was the brother of André. He was, doubtless, a stranger to the art of instrument making,—for there is no one signed with his name. It is even probable that his relations with the members of his own family were not intimate, for it was neither with Joseph nor with Pierre Guarnerius, that his son learned his trade, but with Antoine Stradivarius. Joseph Guarnerius *del Jesu* worked in Cremona from 1725 to 1745. His first efforts bore no marks of originality except, indeed, a certain indifference in his choice of woods, as in his forms, which are variable, and in the varnish. Some years later, we find his instruments made with care: the wood of the ribs and the bottom, of excellent quality, is taken against the grain; the fir of the upper table is well chosen; the varnish, of a smooth surface and elastic quality, is of the loveliest tint and rivals that of Stradivarius. The instruments of the epoch now spoken of are of small pattern; their outlines are happily designed; the swells, slightly raised, subside gently to the very borders; the interior parts are of good fir. One single criticism applies to these instruments: the thicknesses, especially at the very middle of the lower table, are too great,—a radical defect which injures their elasticity, the freedom of their vibrations, and of course, the brilliancy of their sound. Mounted according to the mode of the time when they were constructed, these instruments must fail in power and in carriage. A distinctive character is apparent in these instruments, in spite of the variable forms in which the artist indulges.

In the third epoch of his career, Joseph Guarnerius offers a still more surprising variety in the forms of his instruments, while he preserves those marked characteristics and that independence of style, which reveal his genius. During this epoch, he produced some admirable instruments of a larger pattern, made of an excellent wood taken against the grain, and obeying the best possible conditions in respect to the swells and the thicknesses. A beautiful varnish, as remarkable for softness and elasticity as for color, protects these excellent instruments, which equal in merit the finest productions of Antoine Stradivarius when subjected to the alterations made necessary by the requirements of the present period.

All at once, immediately following this glorious season in his career, Guarnerius falls so far below himself, that his works would be irre recognizable, if the stamp of genuineness, which he preserved to the last, did not assure us that these productions are really his own. Poorness, in the wood, in the work and in the varnish,—all appear in a certain number of his violins, the degenerate fruit of a great talent, fallen. Such a revolution would be inexplicable, if the unhappy end of this artist did not give us a clue to it. The rumors, spread through Italy as to the misfortunes of which Guarnerius was the victim during his last years, are vague and contradictory; but in comparing them, it at least appears certain, that the end of

this distinguished artist was not that of a good man. The old Bergonzi, who died at Cremona in 1738, at the age of eighty, and who was grandson of Charles, pupil of Stradivarius, reported that Joseph Guarnerius *del Jesu* had lived a very irregular life; that, idle and negligent, he loved wine and pleasure, and that his wife, born in the Tyrol, had not been happy with him, although she had often helped him in his work. Bergonzi added that Guarnerius had, for a cause now unknown, been many years shut up in prison, and that he died there in 1745. Other traditions add some details to these disclosures; as that the jailer's daughter procured him the woods that were indispensable, and some miserable tools, and that she worked with him. It is to this unhappy epoch, that we ascribe the instruments so unworthy of his genius. This same girl carried about and traded off at low prices his manufactures, to procure him some comforts in his misery. She also bought, now from one and now from another shop, the varnish with which he smeared his violins,—and thus the color and other peculiarities in the works of this disastrous period are accounted for.

The reputation of Joseph Guarnerius was not established in Italy until after his death; and only slowly reached France. Early in this century, while the price of a fine Stradivarius was a *hundred louis*, that of the best Joseph Guarnerius did not rise above *twelve hundred francs*; but latterly, the qualities of grand sonority have made them sought and their price has advanced, for choice instruments, to *six thousand francs*. Among the best violins of this great master, we may place in the first rank that on which Paganini habitually played in his concerts,—and which he bequeathed to the city of Genoa, his native place; another, which belonged to the celebrated violinist Alard, one owned by M. Leduc, a Parisian amateur, and those belonging to Messrs. Goding & Plowdens, in London. Some Italian makers have imitated Joseph Guarnerius particularly Paul-Antoine Testore, of Milan, Charles-Ferdinand Landolfi, of the same city, and Laurent Plononi, of Cremona; but their works are classed only among instruments in the third rank.

Here ends the history of violin-making in the Cremona School, the phases of which have been so brilliant for two centuries. To-day, the city of Cremona, whose historic place is due to the labors of some artists of that profession, offers nothing to recall the ancient splendor of her skill. With the exception of some select citizens, her population does not even preserve the memory of the Amati, of Stradivarius, or of Guarnerius.

Translated for this Journal.

Translations from Robert Schumann.

By S. A. STERN.

I.

Piano-Concerto, by I. Moscheles, op. 93.

Piano-Concerto, by F. Mendelssohn Bartholdy, op. 40.

Piano music forms an important chapter in modern music history, as by it the dawning of

a new style was first heralded. The oft-repeated remark, that the most talented musicians of our age are pianists, applies also to previous epochs. Bach and Handel, Mozart and Beethoven grew up at the piano; and just as sculptors first make small models of their statues in clay, they may frequently have sketched, on the piano, that which they afterwards elaborated for orchestral masses. Since their time, the instrument has been greatly perfected. The steady advances in the mechanism of piano-playing, and the impetus given to composition by Beethoven, have added to its compass and importance.—Should it yet come to pass, (as I think it will), that pianos will be made with pedals like those of the organ, new opportunities will present themselves to the pianist, who, separating himself from the supporting orchestra, will be able to act with increased resources, greater freedom and fuller harmonies.

We have long observed the signs of this gradual separation of the piano from the orchestra. In direct antagonism to the Symphony, modern pianists wish to rule by and with their own resources; and in this lies the explanation of the fact, that so few Concertos, and other original compositions, for piano with accompaniment, have, of late, been published. The "*Zeitschrift*" has reported on nearly all that have appeared since it exists. The comparatively small number of sixteen, or seventeen, embraces those printed during the last six years. So much have times changed, that what was formerly considered a valuable addition to the stock of instrumental forms, is now voluntarily abandoned. It were certainly a great loss if piano Concertos with orchestral accompaniments were given up entirely. Yet we cannot contradict pianists when they say: "We have no need of the assistance of others; our instrument is most effective when played alone." And so we must patiently await the advent of that genius who will combine piano and orchestra, and interweave the varied characters of the different instruments in such a manner that, while he who sits at the piano can display his skill and the resources of his instrument, the orchestra will be more than mere lookers-on. One thing we can, in fairness, ask of modern composers: viz, that in attempting to replace the calm and dignified Concerto, they give us solemn and dignified solos; not caprices, nor variations, but prettily finished Allegro movements, suitable for opening a concert. Until they give us such, we must content ourselves with those older works that are so well adapted to show the depth of an artist's skill. I allude to the excellent works of Mozart and Beethoven; when, in more select circles, there is a desire to present the visage of one whose greatness is not yet fully appreciated, those of Sebastian Bach; or, when the new is demanded, those modern works in which traces of the older styles (that of Beethoven in particular) are treated with skill and felicity. Among the last, we include, with certain reservations, two recent Concertos by I. Moscheles and F. Mendelssohn Bartholdy. As we have frequently alluded to both artists, we dare now be brief.

Moscheles affords an instance of that *rara avis*, a musician who, though advanced in years and constantly engaged with the study of the old masters, nevertheless observes and profits by the occurrences of the present. Controlling, as he

does, these elements by his inborn peculiarities, the natural result of the combination of the old, the new and the original is just such a work as the Concerto before us—in form, clear and distinct; in character, bordering on the romantic; and like its composer, original withal. We will not split hairs about the matter—the Concerto betrays the master. But all things have their day of glory; and though this master is yet the industrious, excellent artist, who takes great pains to make his works equal to the best, he is not what he was when he wrote the G minor Concerto.

From the very start, he shows that he does not aim at popularity. The Concerto is so styled and is *pathetic*, but what do ninety-nine out of a hundred pianists care for that? In form, there is a striking difference from Moscheles' previous works and those of other authors. The first movement advances rapidly; the *tutti* shorter than usual, and the orchestra taking part throughout. The second movement, with its slow interludes, seems more labored. It introduces the finale, in which the pathetic character of the first part is resumed in passionate movement.—Compared with others, we would not call this composition mechanically difficult. The figures are unusual, but are such as moderate players can master with study. It requires a thorough acquaintance with the score and close attention on the part of orchestra and pianist. We remember, with pleasure, Moscheles' performance of it at Leipzig; played as it then was, the artistic interweaving of the different motives was, of course, highly interesting.

To modern Concerto-writers we are exceedingly grateful that they have ceased to bore us by ending their compositions with long trills and flights of octaves. The *cadenza*, into which the old virtuosos crammed all the difficulties that they could, rested on a better idea, and might, even yet, be used with a happy effect.—Might not the Scherzo, so familiar in Symphony and Sonata, be effectively introduced into the Concerto? A battling with individual orchestral parts might ensue, and the form of the Concerto would undergo a slight alteration. Mendelssohn might attempt this more successfully than all others.

We have to review the second Concerto by the latter. Truly, he is unchanged; always does he move in his own old cheerful measure; no one has smile-wreathed lips more beautiful than his. With this Concerto, virtuosos will find it difficult to bring immense execution into play. He gives them but little to do that they have not already played a hundred times. I have often heard this complained of. To some extent, the complaints are just. New and brilliant passages, affording the artist a chance to display his skill, should not be missing in the Concerto. But *Music*, after all, stands above aught else, and to him who always bounteously gives us music our highest praise is due. It is the outpouring of a beautiful soul, unconcerned whether it gushes forth in solitude or in the presence of hundreds. Let it always be a beautiful soul that expresses itself.

It is this that makes the effect of Mendelssohn's compositions so irresistible, when he himself renders them. On such occasions the fingers are but messengers and might as well be out of sight; the ear receives and the heart decides. I have

often thought that Mozart must have played in the same way. Though we praise Mendelssohn because he always gives us such music, we will not, on that account, deny that in some works he does this more forcibly than in others.

This Concerto might be classed with his fugitive productions. If I am not mistaken, he must have written it in a few days, perhaps hours. It is like shaking a tree; the sweet, ripe fruit falls to the ground at once.

One is asked how it compares with his first Concerto. It is both like and unlike it. Like it, because it is by the same finished master; unlike it, because written ten years later. In the harmonic treatment, Sebastian Bach looks out here and there. Melody, form and instrumentation are Mendelssohn's own. Let us be thankful for this cheerful, fugitive gift. It is like those works that the great masters composed in the intervals between their greater creations. And, surely, our young master will not forget how they, oftentimes, suddenly re-appeared, bringing with them a great work, like Mozart's D minor, or Beethoven's G major Concerto.

The Musical Year 1862, in Paris.

The following is translated and abridged from *La Revue et Gazette Musicale*, by the London Musical World.

That which will distinguish the past year from others is certainly not the number of new works. Never have there been so few changes; while in the managers of theatres devoted to music never have there been so many. This time twelve months M. Alphonse Royer reigned at the Grand Opera; M. Beaumont at the Opéra Comique; M. Charles Réty at the Théâtre Lyrique; and M. Offenbach at the Bouffes Parisiens. Not one of these sovereigns is left; the ground trembled underneath their thrones, and they resolved to abdicate. Their successors are MM. Emile Perrin, Adolphe de Leuven, Carvalho, and Varney. M. Calzado, manager of the Théâtre Italien, is the only one who has retained his sceptre; but he nearly lost his theatre, and was on the point of being reduced to the sad necessity of transporting the seat of empire to some distant quarter of the town. It is worth noting that M. Perrin, who left the Opéra Comique about the end of 1857, and M. Carvalho, who succeeded from the Théâtre Lyrique at the commencement of 1860, at no distant intervals from each other, returned to their respective theatres, and saved them from impending ruin. Having revived so promptly the fortunes of the Opéra Comique, M. Perrin was considered worthy to rule over the destinies of the Grand Opera, and is now supreme arbiter of that vast establishment, of which an Abbé Perrin was the first patentee. If, on the other hand, M. Carvalho had gone to the Salle Favart (which, we believe, was his earnest desire) who would have replaced him at the Châtelet? No immediate solution of the problem being discovered, M. Carvalho remains at the Théâtre Lyrique. After crossing the Boulevard from the Opéra Comique to the Grand Opera, (just the converse of M. Nestor Roqueplan's locomotive feat), M. Emile Perrin will have to contend with difficulties, new even to a man of experience; and it will require all his vigor to surmount them. At the Opéra, the obstacles, if less numerous, are greater than at the Opéra Comique. The Opéra is the theatre where the influence of a manager takes longest to be felt; where successes to make up for failures are rare, and failures are the more disastrous. The industry of M. Emile Perrin will, however, find plenty of employment in the quantity of details that belong to a management which has to deal with "all the arts."

But to the musical incidents of the year just expired. At the Grand Opera we have to note the production of one solitary new work—*La Reine de Saba*—a second effort to make music without form, and alas! without melody, acceptable to Paris. M. Richard Wagner having already failed in the attempt, M. Gounod was not the first, any more than he is likely to be the last. Condemned in Paris, *La Reine de Saba* has just appealed to Brussels, as to a court of hope. Rumors give us to understand that France and Belgium, despite their being neighbors, understand each other better than was imagined. Sig. Mario's re-appearance at this theatre may be

simply recorded as having taken place—so slight the trace it left behind! More important and more ominous—the first stone of the new opera-house was laid on the 21st of July.

At the Opéra-Comique, where revivals have abounded, new works have been rare. They were three in all—supplying only four acts—namely; *Jocrisse*, one act; *Lalla Roukh*, two acts; *Le Cubaret d'Anvers*, one act. *Le Joueur de Saint James*, however, which had been played nowhere except at the Théâtre de la Renaissance, might, strictly speaking, also be counted as a novelty. The revivals of *Géralda*, *Rose et Colas*, *La Servante Maitresse*, *Jean de Paris*, *Deux Mots (on une Nuit dans la Forêt)*, and *Zemire et Azor*, served as advanced guard to the new triumph, of *La Dame Blanche*, so happily selected for the début of M. Léon Achard, who, young as he is, had the honor of expediting the evergreen old lady to her thousandth representation.

The Italian Theatre has produced two pieces new to its repertory; *Il Furioso all' Isola di San Domingo* and *Così fan Tutte*. Far this establishment, M. Naudin's début was a piece of luck, and that of Mlle. Adeline Patti a fortune.

At the Théâtre Lyrique, six works, old or new, figure in M. Charles Reizy's list: *Joseph*, three acts; *La Chatte Merveilleuse*, three; *La Fille d'Égypte*, two; *La Fleur du Val Suson*, one; *Le Pays de Cocagne*, two; and *Sous les Charmilles*, one. The change of site, from the Boulevard du Temple to the banks of the Seine, and the return of M. Carvalho, as manager, constitute the conspicuous events of a year brought to a prosperous conclusion by the revival of M. Gounod's *Faust*.

The concerts at the Cirque Napoléon, instituted last year by M. Pasdeloup, continue to enjoy extraordinary vogue—a vogue justified alike by the progress made by the conductor and the players who work under him. There has been a veritable congress of pianists, at which MM. Gustave Satter and Auguste Dupont, Mme. Clara Schumann, and M. Thalberg, variously presided. Let us, also, chronicle the appearance of a sextet and quintet by our illustrious collaborateur, M. Féis, in the Pleyel-Wolff Rooms; the execution of a mass by Weber, at St. Eustache, on St. Cecilia's day, by the Association des Artistes Musiciens; and, lastly—while omitting nothing, to finish with something astounding—the gigantic Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, coupling with it the hearty reception accorded in London to the bands of the Zouaves and of the Gendarmes de la Garde, who went over expressly from Paris.

And now to the melancholy part of our task. Fromenthal Halévy has been snatched from us, prematurely, to the great and general grief. The Grand Opera paid him the last honors by reviving *La Juive*. The Emperor headed the subscription list for a monument to his memory, and the legislature has awarded the widow a handsome pension. Around this name, which will not die, let us group some others less celebrated; A. Vaillard, Adrien de la Fage, Cavaille-Col, senr., Jean-François Sudre, Gustave Vaëz, Henriks, Arnaud Dancela, Frédéric de Courcy, Darchenay, Etienne Bodin, Boulanger Kunzé, Madame Berlioz, Madame Duret, Emile van-der-Burch, and A. de Comberousse. To the names of these artists, musicians, poets, dramatic authors, and journalists, all of whom France regrets, we have to add those of others whom foreign countries have to deplore; Charles Lipinski, Broadwood, Senr., Joseph Fröhlich, Castelli, Consul, Leopold Scheffer, Charles Vogel, Joseph Klein, Belart, Colonel Ragai Vechi, Hans Seling, H. Lenz, Charles Mayer, Jean Hindle, Ignace Assmayer, Anne Eckhoff, Aug. Baumgartner, Joseph Fischer, E. Brouwer, Louis Uhlend, Fiedor, and Verstowsky.

Such are the noticeable events of the past year! Let us now prepare for new scenes, new pleasures, and new sorrows!

John Lodge Ellerton.

Translated from the *Niederheinische Musik-Zeitung*, by J. V. Bridgeman.

The less we find productive minds in any branch, either of art or science, in any particular country, the more does any individual endowed with innate talent, improved by energetic study, stand out brilliantly from the obscure background. While, in England, most extraordinary capabilities are needed to enable any one to occupy a prominent position as a separate portrait among the long series of statesmanlike heads, a very cursory glance will suffice for the domain of musical art; the latter is a sterile and flat plain which causes anything like a prominent object to appear in a more than usually strong light. The musical soil of England may well be designated sterile; it is wanting even in the element of nationality. To say nothing of the popular songs of Ger-

many, almost every other country possesses, in this respect, more of the national element than England. In fact, whatever we have of this kind belongs to the sisters of England, namely Ireland and Scotland, which, in times of greater political independence, and of national struggles, displayed, in their popular songs, a peculiar nationally musical consciousness. The Jacobite songs of Scotland, and the *Irish Melodies*, which Thomas Moore in his poetic compositions, of the same name, full of imagery, and glowing with the love of freedom, furnished with an undying literary basis, have no rivals upon English soil, properly so called. In the way, too, of grander vocal and instrumental compositions, England has, as yet, but little to show. With regard, further, to singers, gifted with good voices, properly trained, it is a tolerably well-known fact that London supplies its best theatres with foreign recruits. When, therefore, upon such a soil, a single individual, as we have previously remarked, exerts himself to achieve greatness and consideration, he is all the more remarkable, and, at the same time, all the more worthy of respect. John Field, an Irishman, born in 1782, commenced the short series of British musicians. If we consider Litolff as an Englishman—he was, at any rate, born in London, where he studied under Moscheles—we have, when we have named him, together with Balfe and Wallace, mentioned the other most celebrated instances. No less remarkable than the gentlemen last named, nay, in many respects, viewing the matter in the light of genuine and pure art, more interesting, although not nearly so well-known (most of the musical manuals do not even include his name in their nomenclature), is the man whose name stands at the head of this article, and to whom it is our wish to pay that tribute of recognition which he merits—we mean John Lodge Ellerton. Older than his fellow-countrymen and colleagues, he was born, in the County of Chester, in 1807, while Balfe first saw the light in 1808; Wallace, in 1815; and Litolff, in 1830—and richer in his productivity, as far as the number of his works is concerned, Ellerton would, from this fact alone, have had a right to expect a priority in the general recognition of his powers, if his own disposition, which is, really and truly, far too retiring and delicately sensitive, had not stood in his way. Full of profound enthusiasm for art, full of true and noble aspirations, full of warm feeling and fertile fancy, the fundamental features of which are melody and gentle amiability, Ellerton can express all these qualities only through the medium of the silent notes, jotted down by his pen. But, when he has done thus much, the hidden treasure remains enveloped in quiet obscurity. Whatever the painter has, with the help of his pencil, confided to the canvass, is translated into all languages and intelligible to everyone; but whatever the composer, at his silent desk, has placed upon paper, is appreciated by the few initiated alone. For the great mass of the public, it requires, before it can be understood, to be translated by the hands of the quartet, the breath of the wind instrumentalist, or the throat of the singer, and it is this translation which is more than usually wanting in the case of Ellerton's works. This artist's social position, a position not extraordinarily favorable for a composer, does not possess that impelling power, forcibly clearing a way for itself, which sets in motion, from unavoidable necessity, the necessary lever. To this must be added the retiring sensitiveness already mentioned—the disposition which withdraws into itself, and, at every rude touch, at every bleak current of air, allows the harp to remain mute, thus not furnishing with sufficient energy the incessant provocative, so necessary in our days, for the translation, of which we have spoken. Ellerton's most beautiful compositions, his trios, quartets, and quintets, are to be heard, as a rule, only in his own quiet saloon—executed by the best artists of the place where he at present resides—by a few lovers of art, invited by him, and who understand him as a man and an artist. It is but seldom that one of his works is heard in the larger though still select circle of a *Soirée Musicale*, or that a symphony or oratorio finds its way before the more excitable public of the grand music-hall. Although several of his works have, by publication, been rendered more accessible to the public, still, as we have previously remarked, for the attainment of the principal object, there is wanting the spur of necessity.

In Ellerton, we find a peculiar mixture of coloring and style. In him, as the descendant of an old Irish family, there exists that deeply moving poetry which so favorably distinguishes Irishmen, and which, in his case, has been displayed in a grand and admirable poem, a national epic in six cantos; *The Bridal of Salerno*. His general literary as well as musical acquisitions procured for him, as far back as 1828, at the University of Oxford, the degree of *Magister Artium*, a degree analogous to that of our "Doctor,"

though much more rarely bestowed in England. From Oxford, he proceeded to Rome, in order to study counterpoint under the celebrated *Maestro di Capella* Persiani. That professor's lessons, combined with Italian opinions, produced a marked effect upon Ellerton's musical ideas, and imparted to his compositions that agreeable softness, which, far removed from Italian effeminacy, properly so called, bears such a striking resemblance to the German type, of good nature and deep feeling. After completing his studies, he returned home, and, in 1837, married the daughter of the Earl of Scarborough, an English peer. Several long tours on the Continent, and a protracted residence in Germany, afforded him an opportunity for enlarging his musical knowledge and forming an acquaintance with the character of foreign conceptions. By this means, and the assimilation of ideas consequent upon it, his musical education attained a degree of mental perfection and variety which proved of great advantage to his talent for composition. He now produced, at various times, 12 Operas—7 Italian ones (*Issipile*, *Berenice in Armenia*, *Annibale in Capua*, *Il Sacrificio d'Epito*, *Andronaco*, *Il Marito a Risa*, and *Il Carnevale di Venezia*); 4 English ones (*Wotan's wife*, *Lucinda*, *Domenica*, and *The Bridal of Triemmain*); and one German one (*Carlo Rosa*); an oratorio, *Paradise Lost*, the text founded on Milton, a work full of lofty melody; 6 Masses; 6 Anthems; a large number of hymns and motets, and about three hundred detached songs and other pieces, for three, four, and five voices. Of greater importance are his instrumental pieces, among which we may name; 5 Symphonies for full band; 42 stringed quartets; 3 pianoforte quartets; 18 pianoforte trios; 3 trios for violin, alto and alto; 8 concert overtures, &c. Several of these have been performed in public, as, for instance, some symphonies in Aix-la-Chapelle, a symphony in Cologne and Dresden, other works in Brussels and London, some quartets in Wiesbaden, the oratorios at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, and several operas in Italy and England. All were everywhere well received, both by the public and the critics. So that it is certainly desirable they should be more generally known.

From the numerous opinions of the press we will quote merely the opinion of one Englishman (Ed. Holmes, the well-known author of the *Life of Mozart*, and *A Ramble amongst the Musicians of Germany*) published in the *Atlas*. Speaking of some of Ellerton's hymns, Mr. Holmes thus expresses himself: "It is seldom that an amateur composition displays such excellence in the way of diversity of style, and such marked character as in the latter. It is impossible for a musician to glance at Ellerton's works without recognizing in them that elegance of melody that powerful accentuation, and that graceful harmony, which afford proof of a great talent for vocal composition. At the same time, we perceive in them a strong element of sacred earnestness, leaving plenty of room for the play of fancy and feeling which must impress upon a composition the character of its epoch." The same periodical, when speaking, on other occasions, of Ellerton's profane compositions, praises the delicacy of his taste, which is manifested in the management of the melody, as well as in the natural character of the harmony, the characteristic portrayal of the scene, and the romantic, though yet solemn treatment of each work as a whole. The same may be asserted of his orchestral works. In the material treatment, we cannot fail to recognize an earnest study of Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven. However rich our literature may be in grand creations of the classical period, we think that Ellerton's works, by a certain unique charm, are well worthy of meeting with a friendly reception in the artistic world of Germany. BR.

A Letter from Timothy Trill.

THE N. Y. CHURCH CHOIR UNION.

My dear Mr. Editor:

A new organization under the above name having lately come into existence in our city, I have thought that a few words regarding it and its first public performance might not be unacceptable to your readers.

A few weeks ago the editor of the *Church Journal* called on the Rector of "Old Trinity" and asked permission to use the lecture-room of one of his parish churches for a preliminary meeting for the consideration of the feasibility of establishing "a regular series of performances by the combined Episcopal Choirs of New York and vicinity." Permission was granted, but only "two or three" (figura-

tively speaking) were present. A board of management was elected however, of which Rev. Dr. Dix, Rector of Trinity Church, Rev. Mr. Shackelford of Newark, and Mr. W. H. Walter, organist of Trinity chapel, were prominent officers, and the meeting was then adjourned to the following week. At the second meeting there was a still larger attendance, and an order of services and a date for a public performance were decided upon. Notices were shortly after sent around to the churches, and a rehearsal took place on Tuesday, the 27th. Thursday, the 29th, was appointed for the public performance, and a very grand success it proved, notwithstanding the slushy condition of the streets, which made it anything but agreeable to pedestrians. The service was held in St. John's Church, Varick Street, which beautiful edifice was filled with a congregation of a musical predominance decidedly new to its garnished walls. The centre of the building was reserved for the choirs and choir-boys (for there were also many of the latter), and the rest of the pews were thrown open to the public.

The services were opened by a voluntary by Mr. Geo. F. Bristow; after which the hymn,

"Blessed Jesus, at thy word,"

was sung by the entire body of chorists to the music from which we have derived the tune "Nuremberg," composed by Johann Rudolph Ahle, 1664. The effect was very fine. The Lord's prayer and versicles were then intoned, with the *Amens* branched out into full harmony by the singers; after which the Psalter was chanted to one of Turner's single chants. This did not go so well, for want of sufficient rehearsals, but nevertheless was creditably performed considering. The "Magnificat" next came in order after the lesson, and was sung antiphonally to the First Tone, Ferial form, first ending. After the prayers the Epiphany Hymn, *Jesu dulcis memoria*, was sung to an old melody from the Salisbury Hymnal harmonized by Mr. H. R. Schroeder, the Nestor of all antiquarian music, and who can smell an old chorale the distance of a couple of centuries with an inviolable accuracy!

The sermon, or rather address, was then delivered by Rev. Dr. Mahlenberg, of the Church of the "Holy Communion," and a most remarkable production it certainly was. The eminent divine (eminent in other things doubtless, but certainly not in church music!) took for his text "Is any merry, let him sing Psalms." "The kinds of Psalms are various; for even wicked people have them of a certain description. Song is the natural outpouring of the heart." &c. (but the learned Doctor was careful not to say what kind of song, for I opine that a good deal of these "natural outpourings" are anything but melodious!). He then branched out into a laudation of congregational singing, and eulogized extravagantly those churches whose singing cost's nothing; at which I could not help wondering if he would praise with equal intensity any congregation whose preaching and praying were supplied on a like economical plan! Unmeasured abuse was heaped upon the popular quartet system, and the Rev. Dr. deprecated the custom of putting sacred words into the mouths of profane persons, such as choir singers were generally supposed to be! At this stage I wanted terribly to quote aloud the passage from Matthew about judging not, lest ye be judged; but of course refrained!

The speaker made some remarkable and bold assertions, among which was this: "*Melody in the heart melodizes the voice!*" Now I had often heard sounds produced from living bodies who were said to have that quality in their hearts, but on no occasion have I yet heard it proceed from their mouths; from which I am constrained modestly to presume that I do not know what melody is, or that there must be "a heap" of it in people's hearts, before their voices can be thus metamorphosed by its agency; ergo that "heap"

must have been wanting in the hearts of said parties!

He related an anecdote of an English master of a chorister school, who had asserted that among five or ten thousands of boys, whom he has met with in twenty-five years' experience, he had not known one case where the boy could not be made use of as a chorist. I do not know how others were affected by this, but I found it a story too big for me to swallow without chewing. Even granting it to be true, the logical deduction drawn therefrom by the venerable speaker would doubtless enlighten Whately. It was, that therefore, grown up folks, with stiff necks, throats and voices, and stiffer notions, prejudices and opinions, could now sing acceptably in church, when the chances are that none of them ever gave two consecutive hours to the study of music in the whole course of their lives!

He then exclaimed that this must be so, for

"Our tongues were made to bless the Lord,
And sing his praise with one accord;"

which was also a discovery in anatomy or physiology, since tongues used to be the *talkers*, and *wind-pipes* the singers, when I was at the Medical College! He said further: If congregations can not sing, "it is because they have disqualified themselves," through want of inclination, I suppose! Even so, if an elephant cannot climb a tree, it is doubtless for the same reason!!

The cultivated ear of the speaker "preferred a camp meeting's Glory Hallelujahs to the finest Quartet," and, yet a little after, he asserted that notwithstanding he would not proscribe the music of the great masters. "O do! Bring in your Handel and Haydn," he exclaimed, and for what? I instinctively mentally inquired. To be sung by the untutored congregations without rehearsals? Surely Handel and Haydn ought to feel happy at the thought!

Organists also came in for a share of the Rev. Doctor's attention. "Interludes are frivolous impertinences." Closing voluntaries are unauthorized attempts to "drive sermons out of people's heads as soon as possible and to tempt the congregations "to dance out of church!" Yet he had just before, been eulogizing the presence of instrumental music in the Sanctuary, and asserting its "necessity" as a part of praise! Can he deny this quality to closing voluntaries, I wonder? Or is there any good reason for supposing that they should be of a sombre character so as to symbolize contrition, humiliation, self-abasement or penance? O consistency! thou wert a virtue with the Doctor! Regarding the interludes, he said he would repeat a verse of a Psalm, and afterwards a translated interlude, which was as follows:

"With one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise," &c.
and the interlude was:

"Jack and Jill went up a hill
To fetch a pail of water.
Jack fell down and broke his crown
And Jill came tumbling after."

This was received with bursts of laughter, as it well might be, nor do I deny the applicability of the illustration in many cases; but the able speaker was unaccountably silent regarding the root of the organist difficulty. Why did he not complain of the stingy meanness of church committees, who, while their well fed Parsons are living like fighting cocks on their five and ten thousand a year, and a house, growl at giving their organist his contemptible pittance of \$200 to \$500, to support his family upon, and if he grumbles, threaten him with being displaced by some tape-measurer or counter-jumper, who can play "Old Hundred" or "St. Ann's" as well as he!

Why did he not say that this whole city does not possess more than six real organists worthy the name, because the title is almost synonymous with "beggar?"

But not a bit of it. The best commentary upon his remarks, I thought, was the fact of there being a Quartet Choir in the very church he was speaking in, and that within the dominions of "Old Trinity," the richest church corporation in the country, and which, while she keeps up her own choir at the Rector's church, might, if she chose, at the same time be training boys for a dozen other churches, besides the four within her own parochial limits.

But enough. If it had not been for such a long-winded tirade by a respected and eminent divine on a subject with which he was lamentably unfamiliar, I should have spent a pleasanter evening; but it seemed to be a singular thing to hear from him the abuse of professors and teachers of an art, whose wider dissemination and more extended popularity formed the ostensible if not the sole excuse for the entire performance!

The Hymn, "How bright appears our morning star," to a noble chorale by Heinrich Schiedemann (1604) closed the exercises in a manner that I could not help thinking contrasted finely with the late sermonizer's expressed ideal of a congregational performance of the same music.

The Church Choir Union is a praiseworthy movement in a right direction; but if the Directors wish to drive away all "professionals" with the least amount of trouble, they had better advertise a repetition of this sermon, "by particular request!"

Respectfully yours, TIMOTHY TRILL.

The Teutons at the Philadelphia Academy.

Our stock of learning does not tell us the name of the Celtic Muse of Harmony. She has heretofore been too much of a stranger to this community, in something more than name, and this community has been too busy courting the Latin Muse of the same art, to think of seeking her acquaintance. Thanks to Mr. Carl Anschütz and his energetic lieutenant, Mr. Adolph Birgfeld, we have been formally introduced to her, and she is becoming a familiar acquaintance of the visitors to the Academy of Music. She is somewhat of a Minerva in her character, having a nervous and muscular vigor that contrasts singularly with the soft, voluptuous, Venus-like tenderness of the Latin lady. Strange to say, this variable and impressible American public takes as kindly to the German as the Italian, and German opera has filled up completely the vacancy left in its musical sensibilities since the Italian opera departed.

The success of the opera season now drawing to a close, at the Academy, deserves to be recorded as something quite remarkable. That music should so charm us in which learning predominates over inspiration, and harmony over melody, and in which the tones are wedded to harsh gutturals and unpleasant sibilants, is something of a phenomenon. But it is a fact. The German company, which was scarcely recognized as respectable by the pretentious opera-goers of New York, and derived all its support there from the German resident population, is here recognized as a body of faithful interpreters of an art which is deserving of votaries in whatever land its shrine may be erected. With that generous, catholic taste, which despises prejudices of nationality, the opera-goers of Philadelphia have welcomed the Teutons with the master-works of their composers, and the fashionable, as well as the unfashionable, rally around them. The West End fraternizes with the Northern Liberties, and the native-born Americans freely give their hearty musical sympathy to their German adopted fellow-citizens, in their admiration of Beethoven, Weber, Kreutzer, Flotow, Lortzing, and the other Germanic composers, whose works have been presented to us for the first time in superior style.

It is an achievement to have brought out this pleasant little excitement about German opera among our musical people. They have been so long in the old Italian traces, that it was scarcely to be expected they would at once take kindly to the German. But rich orchestration and the elaborate harmonies of the northern composers are found quite as grateful as the noisier and simpler writing of the southern. They have found that a man can be a fine tenor singer and actor, and at the same time be as different as possible from Brignoli, who had almost become a typical tenor, in the minds of some of the unsophisticated of both sexes. Johannsen has given us ideas, both in singing and acting, serious

beau - ti - ful are the feet of them that preach the gos - pel of peace, and

bring... glad ti - dings, and bring... glad ti - dings, glad ti - dings, of good things, and

bring.... glad.... ti - dings, glad ti - dings of good things, and bring....

..... glad ti - dings, glad ti - dings of good things, glad ti - dings of... good things. *mf*

No. 39 THEIR SOUND IS GONE OUT INTO ALL LANDS.

CHORUS. A TEMPO ORDINARIO.

ROMANS x. v. 18

SOPRANO.

ALTO.

TENORE.

BASSO.

A TEMPO
ORDINARIO.

♩ = 144.

The musical score is written for four vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'A TEMPO ORDINARIO' with a quarter note equal to 144 beats per minute. The lyrics are from Romans x. v. 18.

Vocal Parts:

- Soprano:** Their sound is gone out in-to all lands, Their sound is gone
- Alto:** Their sound is gone out in-to all lands,
- Tenore:** Their sound is gone out, Their
- Basso:** Their sound is gone out,.....

Piano Accompaniment:

The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand. The lyrics are repeated across the vocal parts and the piano accompaniment.

Lyrics:

out in-to all lands, in-to all lands, Their sound is gone out in-to all
 in-to all lands,..... in-to all lands, Their sound is gone out is gone
 sound is gone out in-to all lands, their sound is gone out..... in-to all
 Their sound is gone out in-to all lands, their sound is gone out..... in-to all
 lands, their sound is gone out..... in-to all lands,
 out, their sound is gone out, is gone out in-to all lands,
 lands, in-to all lands, in-to all lands, and their
 lands,..... their sound is gone out..... in-to all lands,

and their words unto the ends of the world,.....

words un-to the ends of the world,..... un-to the ends of the world,.....

and their

un-to the ends of the world,..... un-to the

and their words unto the ends of the world,..... un-

un-to the ends of the world, un-to the ends of the

words un-to the ends of the world,..... and their words, and their words un-to the

ends of the world, their sound is gone out, is gone out in - to all

to the ends of the world, their sound is gone out, is gone out in - to all

world,..... of the world, their sound is gone out, in - to all

ends.... of the world, their sound is gone out in - to all

lands, and their words un - to the ends of the world, and their
lands, and their words un - to the ends of the world, and their
lands, and their words, and their words unto the ends of the world, of the world, and their
lands, and their words unto the ends of the world,
words un-to the ends of the world, and their words un-to the ends of the world,
words unto the ends of the world, and their words un-to the
words, and their words unto the ends of the world,
and their words unto the ends of the world, and their words unto the ends of the
un-to the ends of the world.
ends of the world, un-to the ends of the world.
and their words unto the ends of the world, un-to the ends of the world.
world, un-to the ends, un-to the ends of the world.

and comic, that the Italian ladies failed to give.—Rotter has taught us that more beautiful effects can be produced by subduing the voice, than by screaming in the Verdi style. The chorists have shown how badly the Italians sang, by themselves singing with spirit, precision, due regard to light and shade, earnest, visible determination to do the composer justice. As for the orchestra, Mr. Anschütz has probably no better materials than the Italian leaders have had. But he has trained them to perfection, and under the direction of a German, with German music to play, they have given us such instrumental performances as can rarely be heard in this country.

At the end of this week the German opera season will come to a close, and the company will return to New York. The success they have obtained and the warm appreciation of their efforts by our people must have gratified them; and, returning to their little theatre in New York, they will be sure to recur with pleasant, grateful feelings to their triumphs in our spacious and splendid Academy. May they be induced to come and make another and longer stay, before a great while.—*Bulletin*, Jan. 12.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Operas in the 17th and 18th Centuries.

Nowadays the advent of a new opera is an event of some importance in the annals of musical Art. Our music-loving public has come to consider the opera as an entertainment of the highest order; and the recent successful season of German Opera at our Academy of Music has proved that an American audience can enjoy good music when well-performed, and that an Opera troupe need not be exclusively Italian to win just appreciation. Fashion has had a good deal to do with the success of the Italian Opera hitherto. To every lover of classical music, it must therefore be a source of gratification to find German music gradually taking a prominent position in the concert-room, and on the stage. To the Italians we must always feel grateful for the part they have taken in originating the opera; it is true they have left all new ideas and innovations to other nations, each successive Italian composer being well content to follow in the beaten track, with little variation.

What a contrast the production of a modern opera affords, compared with the simple decoration and simpler music of an opera prior to the 19th century!

And yet the records of the opera can show equal and greater display, in the production of occasional operas in those days. The numerous festivities of the Italian Courts gave occasion for frequent representations of opera and ballet, which had in the beginning all the charm of novelty. From being the exclusive monopoly of the nobility, the opera soon came to be of common use; and the different cities rivalled each other in the production of original operas.—Venice, Florence, Naples, Mantua, Rome, Ferrara, Parma, Bologna and Vienna, were then the chief patrons of the opera. A host of composers then arose in Italy, who enjoyed more or less reputation, but whose works, often voluminous, are long since forgotten. To the modern taste these operas would have little or no interest; being for the most part dry recitative; and as for the airs, they were "few and far between." However, musical taste has changed a great deal, and what pleased the Italians in the 17th century, could not but appear monotonous to the Italians of the present day. What a difference between the "*Semiramide*" of Ziani, A.D. 1670, and the "*Semiramide*" of Rossini, A.D. 1823!

The subjects of the early Italian operas were selected from the well-known tales of Mythology; historical subjects of dramatic interest were likewise often used. There was not much variety; similar subjects were composed over and over again, and until the beginning of the present century nearly all their operas were of a mythological and historical character.

The story of Queen Dido was very frequently

treated, and has kept the stage until very recently. One of the oldest operas was "*Orpheus and Euridice*"; it is first mentioned as a musical Drama in the year 1475, by Angelo Politiano; however, in the year 1600 it was performed in Florence, and has become of historical interest as the "*First Opera*." This was the joint production of two promising Florentines, Peri and Caccini, and was performed with great élat and gotten up "regardless of expense." These same authors had in 1594 produced a similar piece, called "*Daphne*." Next we find *Andromeda*, *Bellerofonte*, *Achilles in Sciro*, *Demetrio*, *Semiramide*, *Alceste*; the fine tragic subject of *Medea* was first performed in 1675 and has been a favorite theme for composers ever since. The adventures of Alexander the Great in India seem to have been oftenest composed, as there are at least seventy operas of that name recorded.

King Artaxerxes had 44 composers. The beautiful classic story of Iphigenia, and her adventures in Aulis and Tauris, was composed some 40 times; best of all by Gluck, who thereby made his reputation, and created a new era in the dramatic Art. *Demophon* was composed 38 times; *L'Olimpiade* 36 times; *Armida and Rinaldo* 34 times; *Orpheus and Euridice* was in much request; and also *La Clemenza di Tito*; Mozart, if we mistake not, was the last to compose it. Other favorite operas were 'as follows; Ulysses and Circe; Hercules; Temistocles; Cesare; Xerxes; Scipio; Cyrus; Zenobia; Endimion; Theseus; Darius; Psyche; Venus and Adonis; Niobe; Sophonisba; Tamerlane; Telemachus; Diana; Antigone; Andromache; Griselda; Orlando; Lucius Veneris; Ezio; Cleopatra; Farnace; Cephalus and Procris; Acis and Galatea; Cajo Mario; Adriano in Siria; &c., &c.

In the eighteenth century, Goldoni and Metastasio were celebrated as having written the best librettos: the operas of Metastasio were composed by Hasse, Leo, Gluck, Galuppi, Piccini, Jomelli, Sacchini, Sarti, Cimarosa, Paisiello, Salieri, Zingarelli, not to forget Mozart; indeed, by all the great composers of the age.

Up to the beginning of the eighteenth century, the number of Operas, Oratorios, and Ballets, composed and produced in Italy and Germany, France and England, (according to a chronological list, prepared by the author of this article), amounted to at least seven hundred. However, the fertility of the eighteenth century was most surprising; the number had reached from four to five thousand; a considerable number of which did not arrive at the dignity of representation. Few of these operas still keep possession of the stage; at another time, we will give a further account of them. It may be interesting to the reader to see a list of the composers of that period, with some of the most popular operas, and the date of representation.

1. *Alessandro nell'Indie*; composed by:—Cavalli, 1651, Boretti 1667, Ziani 1679, Foertsch 1688, Manz 1708, Chelleri 1708 (twice), Conti 1721, Handel 1726, Vinci 1729, Porpora 1730, Hasse 1732, Bioni 1733, Schiassi 1734, Handel 1736, Pescetti 1740, Arena 1741, Gluck 1744, Graun 1744, Lampugnani 1748, Perez 1751, Bernasconi 1755, Perez 1755 (2), Galuppi 1756, Piccini 1758, Jomelli 1758, Scolari 1758, Holzbauer 1759, Cocchi 1761, Boroni 1762, Majo 1767, Sacchini 1768, Naumann 1768, Borghi 1768, Kozeluck 1774, Corri 1774, Sacchini 1774, Bertoni 1770, Piccini 1775, Rust 1775, Mortellari 1779, Cimarosa 1781, Sarti 1782, Cherubini 1784, Gresnick 1785, Mercanx 1785, Caruso 1787, Bianchi 1788, Tarchi 1789, Caruso 1791 (2), Tarchi 1793 (2), Perotti 1800, Generali 1816, Vacca 1820, Pacini 1824, Araya, Asiola, Cabalone, Chiavacci, Duni, Horzisky, Meder, Paisiello; &c.

2. *Artaserse*, composed by: Zanetti 1705, Leo 1721, Ariosti 1724, Vinci 1729, Hasse 1730, Ferandini 1739, Hasse 1740, Gluck 1741, Graun 1743,

Pampani 1750, Perez 1753, Lampugnani 1757, Scolari 1758, Majo 1762, Galuppi 1762, Sacchini 1762, Dr. Arne 1762, Bernasconi 1763, Fiorillo 1765, Piccini 1766, Ponzio 1766, Vento, 1771, Giordani 1772, Piccini 1772, Caruso 1774, Guglielmi 1776, Bertoni 1780, Cimarosa 1781, Alessandri 1784, Rust 1784, Tarchi 1787, Anfossi 1788, Bertoni 1788, Zingarelli 1794, Isouard 1795, Niccolini 1795, Leseuer 1801. Dnni, Paisiello, Parenti, Leo; &c.

3. *Orfeo e Euridice*; composed by:—Politiano 1475, Zarlino 1574, Peri and Caccini 1600, Monteverde 1608, Landi 1639, Santinelli 1660, Sartorio 1672, Draghi 1683, Lully 1690, Kieser 1702, and 1709, Blaise 1738, Graun 1752, Gluck 1764, Bach 1770, Guglielmi 1770, Bertoni 1776, Naumann, Tozzi 1789, Benda 1789, Nucci 1791, Reeve 1792, Haydn 1794, Bachmann 1798, Bosset, Cannabich, Clerambault, Duvergne Kanne, Lamberti, Lochner, Naumann, Pergolesi. FELIX.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, FEB. 2.—The third Philharmonic Concert of the present season took place last Saturday evening, before a crowded audience.—Taken all in all, this concert was one of the finest we have had. The feature was, of course, Robert Schumann's most beautiful First Symphony, which has impressed us more and more, after repeated hearings, with the deepest admiration. It is certainly one of the finest Symphonies at present existing, and must take its place among the—classics, we were about to say, but that much-abused, often-misplaced, ill-understood term is unsuited to the romantic, darkly brooding, richly imaginative Schumann. And to how much music may the epithet "classic" be correctly applied? Much of Beethoven's is still Music for the Future, and it looks as if Bach, so long regarded as safely throned and periwigged in some dusty niche far down

"Long reaching avenues of time,"

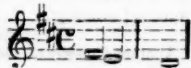
was only now beginning to be understood. So let us say simply that Schumann's great creation is worthy to stand beside the greatest in music.

The second part of the concert opened with Rubinstein's Concert Overture in B flat, which it is well enough to hear once as a novelty, and closed with Wagner's effective, now so well known "Tannhäuser" Overture, the plan of which would be needless for us to copy from the Philharmonic programmes, as every body who understands anything, knows all about it. The solo selections consisted of the Beethoven Concerto in G, and Chopin's lovely *Impromptu*. *Fantasia* in E flat, played by Mr. Mills with his accustomed clearness and finish, and a Tarantella of that gentleman's own composition, pleasing but reminiscent. Mr. Perring was announced as singer, but in consequence of his illness, Mr. T. H. Thomas sang, at short notice, Schubert's "Wanderer," and a ballad, "well enough in its way," (by Clapisson, if we mistake not,) very agreeably.

On last Friday evening, a concert was given at Irving Hall, for the benefit of the Church of the Mediator. The solo singers were Miss Hawley, who possesses a fine contralto voice, and sings ballads with much expression, and Mrs. Brincherhoff. The gentlemen vocalists were, we believe, amateurs; at any rate, we hope they were.—It has always been our opinion, however, in spite of the charitable silence of that dash,—that from the moment an amateur appears on a public stage, however private, he or she must be judged by the same standard as the professional artist. Mr. Appy, the violinist, played a fantasia on themes by Bellini, and De Beriot's *Tremolo*, with the elegance and purity of tone, characteristic of the French school, to which he belongs.

Next week will be carnival time with the people who go to display their toilets, and their "passion

for music," at the opera house at Irving Hall.—"Marta," "I Vespri Siciliani," and "Don Giovanni," will be the novelties. The poor Don your correspondent especially pitieth; he will assuredly be murdered, and that long before the demons get hold of him in the last act.



MILWAUKEE, WIS., JAN. 29.—Notwithstanding the heavy draft of the war upon the people, our musical Society continue their regular monthly concerts for members. The last one, on Thursday evening, brought several new performers before the public. The orchestra, under the efficient direction of Mr. ABEL, opened the evening's entertainment with Marschner's overture to "Hans Heiling." Being the opening piece, it did not obtain much applause. A new tenor (amateur) Dr. K., then appeared and sang Grimm's "Meerfarth." The singer received an *encore*, to which he (unfortunately, I think) responded by repeating the piece. His friends evidently appreciated his intentions, as his execution leaves very much to be desired. No. 3 consisted of a violin solo (F. David's) by Prof. BACH, leader of a band, and pretty well known to our citizens as a caterer to the taste of the dancing public. Unfortunately for Mr. B., he used a common quartet violin, which did not come up to what might be expected. He was, however, interrupted by frequent bursts of applause, and I hope we shall soon have the pleasure of listening to him again. Mrs. ELIZA GOESSEL, a new-comer, treated the audience to a charming surprise by her rendering of a difficult Aria from Weber's "Freyschütz." She was called out, but sang nothing in response. The first part was concluded with the performance of Fischer's *Meeresstille*, moderately well rendered. Part II. opened with the overture to "Oberon," to which, I believe, all listened with pleasure. A terzetto and chorus from Haydn's "Creation," followed, in which the tenor appeared to better advantage than in the solo. Mrs. Goessel sang a "Song of Spring," by Mendelssohn, in a truly artistic manner, which she had to repeat. A soldier's chorus from Gounod's "Margarethe," concluded the performance, eliciting much applause. The attendance was good.

TENOR.

NAPLES, ITALY, JAN. 8.—(Extracts from a private letter).

"TIETJENS made her debut at the grand opera house (San Carlo), on the 5th, as *Lucrezia Borgia*. It is her first appearance in Italy. She is engaged for three months, at a salary of 42,000 francs. The house was crowded from pit to dome, although the prices for admission were double. She was called before the curtain nine times."

"I have had the honor of a presentation to MERCADANTE. . . I was told by many that he was a cross old dog, with manners more becoming a beast, than a man, and I confess, I went to him with fear and trembling. It was on my third visit that I was enabled to see him; each of the preceding times it was a relief when the servant, having taken in our names, returned in a few moments with the information that the master sent his salutations, he was ill and the gentlemen must call another day at 9, A. M. or 7, P. M. But we were determined to see him if possible, and yesterday, a student of the Conservatorio brought us word that professors and students intended giving Mercadante a pleasant surprise that day, by a first rehearsal of his 'Il Lamento del Bardo,' a *sinfonia*, the first and only music he has written since he has been blind. He would be present, and if we came very early we could be presented to him. Accordingly, with a wish to hear the *Sinfonia*, and a strong desire to see the celebrated man, and a stronger dread at meeting him, we were soon on our

way. Arriving at the 'College,' or Conservatorio (which is a mammoth building with large courts, and airy corridors) we were obliged to wait some half hour until all was ready. On hearing the bell ring, we were conducted into the rehearsal room, finding an orchestra numbering sixty, all in their places. On a prominent place in front sat an old man, with hair as white as snow, very plainly, but neatly dressed. He was surrounded by the professors and others belonging to the Conservatorio. This was Mercadante. When told that an American begged to be presented to him, he turned quickly in his chair, and, smiling, stretched forth his hand, which was guided into mine. Instead of finding him as I had been told, viz.: 'Cross, crabbed and crotchety,' I found him one of the most pleasant men I ever met with, so frank, yet so gentle and unassuming that it seemed for the moment that I was conversing with an old friend. He caused me to sit beside him, and asked when I left America, if I was a lover of Music &c. When I told him that I had already been studying in Europe nearly two years and a half, and was still hard at work, he seemed much pleased and said: 'You shall come to my house and sing for me.' He told me that America and its people interested him much, particularly as a musical people. 'While Italy offered greater advantage for the study of singing; yet for sound musical thought, America was only second to Germany, and we were destined to be a great musical nation.'

"The rehearsal opened with one of his old Symphonies, which was followed by an overture of Weber. He arose to go, but the conductor begged him to listen to one piece, when he took his seat, and the first chords of his 'Il Lamento del Bardo' were struck. The old man was motionless during the entire piece, no words escaping his lips but *Bene! Bene!! bravi Violini!!!* but when it was finished the applause was almost deafening. Every one present rose to their feet. The director of the Conservatorio went to him, and kissed him several times. Many embraced him. The orchestra beat upon their violins, whirled them above their heads, cried, 'Bravo, maestro!' 'Viva Mercadante,' &c. This, with the clapping of hands and the voices of the small but select audience made the scene quite affecting. Mercadante arose and lifting his hat (which he had kept on during the performance), bowed and could only say 'Thank you all, you have made me very happy.' Tears of joy stood in his eyes. It was played again, and the same scene was enacted, only the applause was, if possible, more fervent than before. His 'Grazie tutti' seemed to repay them for all the trouble they had taken to give him this little surprise. It was interesting to notice how closely the performers watched him while any of his music was being performed. He is greatly beloved by the professors and pupils of the Conservatorio. During his illness, which cost him the total loss of sight forever, his house was thronged each day. This happened some two months ago. Only a few days since he commenced to walk out. As no doubt you have heard, Mercadante was knighted and permitted to wear the legion of honor by His Majesty Victor Emanuel, but strange to say immediately on returning from the presence of the king, he removed the decoration from his dress and has not worn it since.

"He allows no one to address him with a higher title than 'maestro.' I will close by mentioning one of the many anecdotes which are related of him. Incidents like the following have perhaps given rise to a misunderstanding as to his real character.

"A professor of the *Conservatorio di Musica* called at the house of Mercadante a few months ago for a piece of music; he was shown into the studio where Mercadante sat writing. The professor, making a low bow, said, 'Bon giorno, Signor Cavalier.' Mercadante neither spake nor looked up. The discomfited professor soon left in a rage, resolving in his

heart never to trouble himself again; but the music must be had, so in a few days he called again, walked immediately up to Mercadante, and said in a free and quick manner, 'Bon Giorno, Signor Maestro! I have come for the terzetto.' Mercadante handed it to him immediately, with the words, 'Take it, you dog, I am glad you have learned my name.'

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 7, 1863.

Concert Review.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—The sixth Chamber Concert, on Thursday evening of last week, showed increase of audience, and was one of the liveliest, as well as most intrinsically interesting of the season—now, alas! too nearly spent. These were the selections:

1. Quartet in E minor, op. 56, No. 2. Beethoven
Allegro—Molto adagio—Allegretto—Finale presto.
2. "Ah! Mon Fils," from the Prophet. Meyerbeer
Miss A. S. Ryan.
3. Andante and Variations for two pianos. Schumann
Messrs. Lang and Steele.
4. "Frühlings Lied" Mendelssohn
Miss A. S. Ryan.
5. Rondo for Piano. Hummel
Mr. B. J. Lang.
6. Quintet in B flat, No. 2. Mendelssohn
Allegro vivace—Andante scherzando—Adagio e lento—
Allegro molto vivace.

There could hardly have been a more welcome choice of a Quartet—at least for those who have grown familiar with the earlier ones—than Beethoven's in E minor, perhaps the most beautiful of the famous "Rasoumofsky set." There is a sure fascination in it from the first whisper, like a passing breath of soft night air, of the pensive theme of the Allegro. What a wondrous train of thought it woke in the composer's brain! The Allegro is perfection, and in neither of the three following movements, so strongly, happily contrasted, is the listener allowed to feel the happy moment past. There was, however, some alloy in the performance, good as it was in many respects. The instruments were not always perfectly in tune, particularly the viola; and in some significant entrances and passages the bass, commonly so excellent, did not "tell" sufficiently. These are mere hints for future use. Heartily we thank the Club for the revival of so rare a pleasure as the hearing of the E minor Quartet.

The Mendelssohn Quintet in B flat is memorably identified with the very origin of the Club, and does not lose its charm. It must be heard once at least in every season, and it ends a concert well.

The selections for the Piano-forte were truly admirable. Schumann's Andante has a charmingly suggestive theme, reproduced imaginatively and learnedly in the new costumes and attitudes of such variations as do really add somewhat of thought. They were rendered with a nice appreciation, and with clean and finished execution, by Mr. B. J. LANG, and Mr. G. W. STEELE, who is his pupil we believe. Hummel we seldom hear of late; he scarcely belongs to the inspired ones, great musician as he was; and that is probably the reason. But it was really refreshing to hear so elegant and tasteful a composition as that brilliant Rondo, played with such fluent ease and finish as it was by Mr. Lang.

Miss ADDIE S. RYAN made a very pleasing impression. She looks as if she loved and felt her music; although one might wish that she

had outgrown her love for "Ah! mon fils," which she sang in Italian. She has a clear, rich, sympathetic contralto voice, into which she infuses not a little of expression; and she is freer than most of the recent debutantes from the prevailing faults, which we have so often had occasion to refer to. Yet both in style and method there is much room for improvement. After the gasping *agitato* of the Meyerbeer piece, the fresh and natural charm of Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" was palpable enough. She sang it gracefully to Mr. DAUM's tasteful accompaniment.

The ORPHEUS MUSICAL SOCIETY invited their friends again to Chickering's, to one of their unique and charming Soirées, on Friday evening, January 30. And this was the appetizing bill of fare:

Part I.

1. Hymne: "Herr unser Gott! Erhöre unser Flehen." Schubert
2. a. "In der Ferne." b. "Der weisse Hirsch." R. Franz
3. Sonate Caractéristique, op. 81. (Les adieux.) Liszt.
4. Die Förelle. b. Barcarole. Schubert
5. a. "Das Lieben bringt gross' Freud." b. "Überall bin ich zu Hause." R. Franz
6. Duet from the opera: "Die Entführung." Mozart

Part II.

1. Auf dem Rhein. Soll und Chorus. Köcken
2. Song. Herbstlied. Mendelssohn
3. Italienischer Salat. Musical jest in form of an Italian opera finale. Genée
4. Song. Scheiden und Leiden. Truhn
- Marschlied. Appel

The Hymn by Schubert is a strain of noble, solemn harmony, worthy of the original and deep-souled composer. The pieces by Robert Franz are four-part songs, and are among the finest ever written, alike for chaste simplicity of expression, fineness of contrapuntal harmony, and true artistic charm. They are more difficult to sing than they appear; but under Mr. KREISSMANN's careful training they were well mastered and made an impression, which we hope will be frequently repeated.

Beethoven's Sonata, "Les Adieux," &c., was beautifully played by Mr. HUGO LEONHARD, and formed such rich relief to the otherwise entirely vocal programme as one might relish to his heart's content. Those two exquisite songs of Schubert, "The Trout" and the "Barcarole," with their rich illustrative accompaniments, are as full of picture and of poetry, as any of the innumerable wondrous songs he wrote. They are also among the best known, and yet by far too seldom heard in concerts. Beautiful piano-forte "transcriptions," too, have been made of them, which would be far more edifying than most of the opera fantasias of the day. Mr. Kreissmann sang them as they should be sung, with a German's genial conception, and was genially supported by Mr. Leonhardt's rendering of the accompaniments. The humorous, delightful, thoroughly Mozart-ish Duet from "The Seraglio" ("Herr Bacchus ist ein braver Mann"), was sung with a great deal of spirit by Messrs. KREISSMANN and LANGER-FELDT.

Mr. SCHRAUBSTAEDTER delighted his audience, as he always does, making them ask for more, by the union with which he sang his song in the second part. The selections, being of a lighter and more familiar character, need no especial comment. Evidently the "Italian Salad" gave a relish to them all.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—The eighth Afternoon Concert, last Wednesday, attracted a large audience, the programme being made up of rather *piquant* materials,—although that is scarcely the term to apply to one of father Haydn's Symphonies, sterling as they are.

1. Overture, "Melusina," [by request].... Mendelssohn
2. Grand Potpourri, from the Opera of "Faust and Marguerite." [First time in this country.] by Gounod
3. Symphony, No. 5, in D. Haydn
4. Concert Waltz, "Wahlstume," (first time).... Strauss
5. Duetto, from the Opera of "Hans Heiling." Marschner [First time in this country.]
6. Grand March, from "Athalia." Mendelssohn

The inveigling, dimpling melody of the "Fair Melusina," losing itself and re-emerging in the waves suggested by the romantic, watery charm of the whole Overture, proved as irresistible as Schumann says. It imparted a fine, delicate pleasure, like few overtures that have been heard of late.—There is still a call for it, even if it have not been breathed aloud. The Potpourri from Gounod's *Faust* had brilliant felicities of instrumentation enough to pique a curiosity to hear the much debated and much celebrated opera itself. But probably it gives no sort of satisfactory idea of it. As an orchestral piece it is indeed an odd medley, with not a few points of interest. It is made up mostly of march and dance rhythms, which are the best part of it, varied by wild and unpleasant bursts of some kind of demonic discord, and a strain or two of (fortunately short) tame, sentimental melody. But one must know the opera before he can judge of the Potpourri. The concert ended well, as it began, with Mendelssohn.

GILMORE'S PATRIOTIC CONCERTS.—In spite of patriotism, and in spite of the attraction of a "beautiful and bewitching" singer, and a "wonder-child"—both new to a Boston audience, Mr. Gilmore's Concerts last Saturday and Sunday nights were not particularly well attended. Perhaps word had already got passed about of the sudden *secession* of the wonder-child. Master WILLIE BARNESMORE PAPE, who was to win laurels after Miss Carreno, came, and scarcely saw, and went away again. Mr. Gilmore's simple and honest account of the matter, and the excellent spirit evinced in the little speech he read, ought surely to have filled the hall the next night. Thus it ran:

"I appear in a position to-night, from which I would shrink: that of speaking in public: but circumstances compel me to ask your indulgence for the non-appearance of Willie Pape, who has refused to play, because the concert is advertised for the benefit of Northern soldiers."

His father represents that they have a large amount of property in Mobile, which would be liable to confiscation were his son to appear for any such purpose in the North. I parted with him to-day at eleven o'clock, with the promise that he would meet me at twelve. He failed to appear, but I am informed by telegraph that he is on his way to New York. These are the plain facts. I regret the disappointment, and under the circumstances I ask, ladies and gentlemen, for your kind indulgence and sympathy.

I have announced these concerts for the benefit of the Boston soldiers. There are six regiments interested, the 17th, 23d, 24th, 43d, 44th, and 45th. Since I have undertaken this enterprise I intend that the result shall be a substantial one, with your assistance and with the assistance of the friends of the soldier generally. No matter who may desert me or decline to assist I shall not forsake this idea until the profits shall amount to three thousand dollars, which will be five hundred dollars for each regiment."

But they were fortunate who listened to the GUERRABELLA. That indeed was singing. A fine, expressive voice, trained in the true Italian method, with such finished, facile execution as we have scarcely heard of late, gave to Bellini's *Qui la voce* and Verdi's Macbeth *Brindisi* almost the charm of novelty. Whether in pure *cantabile* melody, or in ornate passages, trills, &c., she has mastered the true secret. Her fine personal appearance, too,—a noble, generous style of beauty,—with her intellectual face, and cordial ease and grace of manner, helped to complete the charm of voice and vocal art. Mme. Guerrabella is to sing here only in Gilmore's Concerts, and certainly must prove a strong attraction.

Music at Hand.

THIS EVENING, for his third "Philharmonic" Mr. ZERRAHN will give us Beethoven's wonderfully beautiful Symphony in B flat (No. 4): for Overtures, *Tannhäuser* and *William Tell*; also an orchestral arrangement of the *Marcia funebre* in Beethoven's Sonata in A flat. For "attractions" he has engaged one who was a "wonder-child" at least, Mlle. CAMILLE URSO, who used to play the violin so delightfully, and who now, after some years of retirement, reappears for the first time at the call of our enterprising conductor. She will play, with orchestra, compositions of Vieuxtemps and De Beriot. Sec-

ondly, Miss ADDIE S. RYAN, who will sing, "Ah! mon fils!" and Mozart's "Voi che sapete."

Mr. GILMORE gives another concert for our regiments at Newbern, and another opportunity to hear the GUERRABELLA, at the Music Hall, to-morrow (Sunday) evening.

Another Concert of the ORCHESTRAL UNION next Wednesday afternoon.

The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB have engaged Miss JOSSELYN, (the young pianist just returned from Leipsic, of whom we spoke last week), for their Chamber Concert next Thursday evening. She has chosen excellent pieces for her *debut*: Schumann's Quartet in E flat (piano and strings), and a fine set of *Variations sérieuses* on a theme of Bach, by Carl Reinecke.

JULIUS EICHBERG will give a classical Soirée next Saturday evening, at Chickering's, with a peculiarly and Fugue from Bach's first Sonata for violin solo, and a Romanza and Finale from Joachim's Hungarian Concerto, both for the first time in this country. Mr. LANG will play with him a Sonata Duo by Mozart, and the Kreutzer Sonata by Beethoven, besides a piano solo. Mr. SCHRAUBSTAEDTER will sing an air from *Tannhäuser*, and the "Catalogue Song" from *Don Giovanni*. That will be a concert worth hearing, although (in the alarming scarcity no doubt of "Wunderkinder") Mr. Eichberg has chosen all his assistance among full-grown persons.

ITALIAN OPERA is placarded for next week at the Boston Theatre—Mr. GRAU's troupe, including: Mme. LORINI (Virginia Whiting), Miss KELLOGG, Miss MORENI, and BRIGNOLI, SUSINI, &c. "Martha" leads off on Monday.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

The success of Adelina Patti continues without abatement. Rather indeed, I should say, the charming young artist grows more in public favor the oftener she is heard. *Sonnambula*, *Lucia*, and the *Barbiere* have been alternated, and each has its special public, judging from the crowded state of the theatre nightly. As far as I can make out, there is no truth in the report that Mlle. Patti is about to become a Countess, like Sontag, Naldi, and Alboni. Mlle. Trebelli has made her *réentrée* as Maffeo Orsini in *Lucrezia Borgia*, and has not the less endeared herself to the aristocratic *habitués* of the Italians by her numerous triumphs in Fatherland. Her reception was wonderfully flattering. Mme. Penco of course sustained the part of Lucrezia on the occasion, and Signor Naudin that of Gennaro. Signor Naudin's aria in the third act was encored—an unusual result. No, thing new at the Grand Opera. Much expected. *La Muette de Portici*, it is at last settled, will be produced with the following cast:—Masaniello—M. Gueymard, Alphonse—M. Dulaurens, Pietro—M. Cezaux (what has become of Massol I cannot tell), Elvira—Mme. Vandenhuevel Duprez, and Fenella—Mlle. Maria Vernon. Mlle. Livry is recovering fast from the effects of her accident, and will soon be enabled to relume the stage of the Opera by the light of her graces. The only novelties in *prospectu* are a two-act opera of Victor Massé and a new ballet by Mme. Taglioni and M. Boulanger. Pending these changes the administration occupies itself with the production of *Guillaume Tell*, the *Huguenots*, the *Prophète* and the *Juive*, of which Parisian audiences never seem to tire. On New Year's Eve nearly all the artistic notabilities of Paris assembled at Rossini's house; the Old Year was bowed out, and the New Year ushered in by means of musical sounds supplied by many eminent singers and players. Among the company present, the most eager to render homage to the composer of *Il Barbiere*, was Adelina Patti.—*Corr. Lond. Mus. World*, Jan. 7.

Robert le Diable was performed on Sunday and had almost the effect of a novelty. The *Traviata* (Travatore) has been re-produced with Mme. Gueymard-Lauters as Leonora. Well-used as these works have been at the Grand Opéra, they were acceptable in the

absence of anything new, and received with every mark of favor—especially Meyerbeer's *chef d'œuvre*. *La Muette* (Masaniello) will be produced shortly, and great are the expectations entertained of its revival, notwithstanding the loss of Mario, the most picturesque of revolutionary fishermen. Auber, it is said, has composed a new *pas* expressly for the young danseuse, Mlle. Laure Poinet, a *débutante*, to be introduced in the third act (market-scene). *I Lombardi* has been produced at the Italiens, with Mme. Frezzolini (alas! poor Frezzolini!), Signors Naudin and Bartolini,—and this, notwithstanding the protest of Signor Verdi, through his agent, M. Léon Escudier. Sig. Verdi has had a "tiff" with Sig. Calzadò; and Sig. Verdi is somewhat unforgiving. Mlle. Patti has been indisposed, and the opera of *Lucia*, on Thursday, was laid aside in consequence for the *Barbiere*, Mme. Alboni being the Rosina. In no Italian Opera, on no occasion that I can call to mind, could such a Rosina as Adelina Patti have been replaced, at an emergency, by such a Rosina as Marietta Alboni. I was present that night, and was enchanted, not only with Alboni, but with Mario, who sang transcendently; in fact, he never sang better.

At the Opera-Comique, a new opera in one act, entitled *L'Illustre Gaspard*, the libretto by MM. Duvert and Lanzanne, the music by M. Eugene Prevost, has been read and accepted. The principal parts will be sustained by Mesdames Chollet-Biard and Casimir, MM. Couderc (who gets younger as he grows older), Lemaire, Potel and Davoust. The manager of the Opera-Comique has taken advantage of Herr von Flotow's presence in the French capital, to obtain from him a new two-act piece, just completed, and entitled *La Nuit des Dupes*, the book by M. St. Georges. The parts are already given out and the rehearsals have commenced.

The next concert of the National Society of Fine Arts is fixed for Sunday. The programme comprises Félicien David's *Desert*; Meyerbeer's *Overture-Marche*, composed for the London Exhibition, which will be executed for the first time in Paris; fragments of a Symphony by M. C. Saint-Saens (the Belgian); *Marche Funèbre*, by E. Debillemont; and *Scherzo* from one of the Symphonies of M. Georges Bizet. The programme of the Popular Classical Concert on Sunday last, at the Cirque Napoléon, under the direction of M. Pasdeloup, you will own was more worthy. It was as follows: Mozart's Symphony in E flat; *Adagio* of the quartet, No. 6, of Haydn, by all the stringed instruments (*fi donc!*); *Scherzo* from an unpublished Symphony by M. Bizet (M. Bizet gained the *Priz de Rome* in 1857); and Beethoven's music to *Eymont*. The performance of one movement only of the quartet is not to be commended, much less its execution in a manner never dreamt of by the composer. Mme. Czillag has returned from Barcelona, disappointed and aggrieved. She proceeded to that city some weeks since, to fulfil an engagement at the opera, but found the company, so wretched that she dared not venture to appear with such associates. Having waited a month in hopes of some amelioration, and finding no possible expectation of a change, she turned from the city of olives and came back to Paris.

I merely mention now that M. Théodore Smet's new comic opera, *Odine*, in three acts—words by MM. Lockroy and Mestepés—was produced on Friday last at the Théâtre Lyrique. It has failed to realize the expectations formed of the composer of the *Nuits d'Espagne* and *Gil Blas*.—*Ibid.*, Jan. 14.

Berlin.

The performances of the Royal Domchor have commenced at the Singacademie. The *Voss Zeitung* (quoted by the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*) gives a description of the first concert glowing enough to make one envious of all who enjoyed the privilege of listening to it. As in former years, the directors, it would seem, are exerting themselves to sustain the interest of the public in these concerts by bringing to light compositions not previously revived. The Domchor performances must, by their very nature, be confined to a brief selection of pieces of a grave and severe character, exciting no positive outward emotion, and dispensing altogether with the sensuous charm of modern orchestration. What great things, however, have been effected within these limits is shown in the history of more than a century of "à capella" literature, rich in admirable masterworks. That, moreover, the human voice is the most perfect of instruments, and that the sentiment of religious exaltation and spiritual trust is attained with most certainty when the voice is the sole medium of expression, has been often and successfully urged; and so this literature, despite its narrow boundaries, possesses a valid title to respect. In the present century, however, continuously busied with the masterpieces of dramatic and instrumental music, it needed a long

course of exertion on the part of enthusiastic investigators to reawaken the feeling on behalf of a class of music which at one time predominated to the exclusion of all besides. It was for the Berlin Royal Domchor first to reach the goal towards which Thibaut, Winterfeldt and other congenial laborers had, with persevering vigor and research, directed their efforts for years, and to create a permanent abode for the especial rearing and cultivation of this music. From the cosmopolitan, nay, universal character of the age in which we live, what has been once gained will not lightly be relinquished, especially, we are inclined to believe, in Berlin—the mission arrogated to itself by that not unreasonably proud, if stilted, capital appearing to be to treasure up everything great that, in the pursuit of art, has been achieved from the earliest times. There, music exists, not merely as a means of superficial gratification, but also for the culture and improvement of the mind; there, whatever can be looked upon as of material importance in the progress of the art's development is jealously preserved, as valuable and lasting national property.

The first concert of the Domchor began, we are informed, with Alessandro Scarlatti's renowned "*Tu es Petrus*," with which the singers of the Sixtine Chapel gained a brilliant victory over the French love for display. For the coronation of Napoleon, a piece had been composed, so Thibaut tells us, with an accompaniment of eighty harps, which, it was expected, would produce an unprecedented effect. The harps performed their task, and every one was in ecstasies. But now Pope Pius VII. entered the church; the thirty singers of the Romish choir commenced Scarlatti's "*Tu es Petrus*," and so annihilated the impression of what had just preceded it that no Parisian afterwards dared to say a word about the harps. To comprehend, at the present day, the effect produced by this composition, we must, it is true, fancy ourselves hearing perfect "*a capella*" singing for the first time; we must conjure up to the mind's ear the bright sonority and faultless intonation of the Roman voices, and the traditional style of the Sixtine Chapel. Scarlatti's "*Tu es Petrus*," as an artistic and elevated musical fabric, does not differ essentially from similar works of Palestrina and others, but is perhaps inferior to the most important of them in a somewhat broad and *ad captandum* working out of the themes. "*Tu es Petrus*" was followed by an "*Adoramus*" of Giov. Battista Martini (Milan, first half of the last century), in three part chorus for men's voices, well adapted, by transition, to suit modern taste. Then came Caldara's "*Crucifixus*"—a new arrangement in eight parts by Teschner, the original being in sixteen. A motet, "*Zionsprich*," by Hammerschmidt, a German composer of the seventeenth century, which brought the first section of the programme to an end, is stated to have offered a striking contrast to the works of the Italian school. While in the former, even in the "*Crucifixus*" of Caldara, it was intended that the solemn magnificence of the church itself should be typified, by the long sustained and measured notes and calm swelling out of the voices, in the latter the human heart turns with childlike pious prayer to the Redeemer. Whatever Italian and German productions of this kind may possess in common, their purport has always been essentially different. Such music as this of Hammerschmidt was never written to impress by purely outward means. The second part of the concert began with one of the most touching compositions of a period when Protestant church music was at its prime, viz., a chorus for sopranos and contraltos, by Sebastian Bach, *Der Tod niemand zwingen konnt* (from *Christ lag in Todesbanden*), to which Herr Wilhelm Rust, editor of Bach's works, has, upon the foundation of the original bass, constructed a pianoforte accompaniment. In the second part there were also two works already known (even to the benighted choral amateurs of England)—viz., J. S. Bach's motet, "*Ich lasse dich nicht*," and Mendelssohn's psalm, "*Warum toben die Heiden*!"

CLASSICAL MUSIC IN FLORENCE.—The new musical journal, *Bocherini*, informs us that a series of concerts has been set on foot on the plan of those which M. Pasdeloup has organized so successfully in Paris. At the first concert the programme will include the Septet and a Symphony of Beethoven, Hummel's Septet in D, and the *Ouverture en forme de Marche* composed by Meyerbeer for the London International Exhibition. Quartet soirées have already been instituted at Florence, where good instrumental music is assuredly looking up.

SIGNOR SIVORI, the violinist, has recently given four concerts at Stuttgart, nine at Munich, three at Augsburg, and two at Weimar, where he is at present staying. From Weimar he will proceed to Vienna.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Good bye, my love, good bye. Ballad.

Albert Dawes. 25

A simple and very pretty song, by Mr. Dawes, who is, or was, organist at the Victoria Hall, Belfast.—Ought to be, as it is likely to be, very popular.

I think of Home. Ballad. T. H. Hinton. 25

Sweet, flowing melody, and good words.

I slept, and O, how sweet the dream. Song. Albert Dawes. 25

Companion to "Good bye," by Dawes, and a good Song; noticed last week.

Bear on to Victory. National Song. E. T. Baldwin. 25

A very spirited patriotic Song, full of fire and energy.

Sunbeam. Song. T. P. L. Magoon. 25

A sunshiny little lay about sunbeams, &c. Cheerful and easy.

Instrumental Music.

La Campanella. Impromptu. Jules Egghard. 50

La Campanella, (Little Bells), by Droyschok, is well known as an exceedingly graceful piece; but it unfortunately contains a chromatic run of such difficulty, that very few amateurs are able to play it well. Mr. Egghard's piece is equally pretty and graceful, and not out of the reach of ordinary players.

March of the Volunteers. W. F. Wallace. 25

A very spirited March, inscribed to a very spirited general, (Rosecrans). Worthy of being extensively played, both for the music and inscription.

Carol of the Mocking Bird. Schottisch. N. P. B. Curtis. 40

A fine piece of the imitative order, quite excelling the bird in the intricacy of its runs, arpeggios and trills. Very pretty throughout, of medium difficulty, and excellent for practice.

Consolation. Elegy in Memoriam. H. Daum. 25

Books.

THE WESTERN HARP. A collection of Sunday Music, consisting of sacred words adapted to classical and popular airs, and arranged for the Piano-forte. Words by

Mrs. M. S. B. Dana Shindler.

Cloth, \$1.50
Boards, 1.00

Mrs. Dana's Southern Harp and Northern Harp, are well known, as having been, perhaps the most popular books of sacred song in use. The Western Harp is of the same character, and the words by the same author, and the book when known, will be welcomed in every family that possesses either of the other works.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

